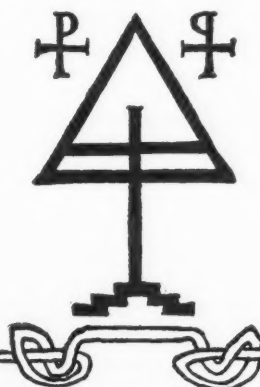


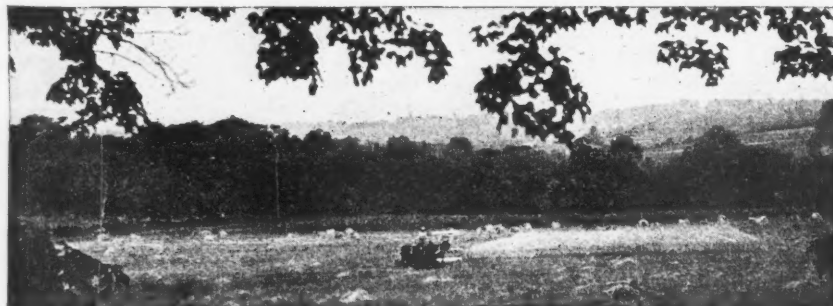
NOTICE TO READERS:—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper: no address.—A. S. BURLERSON, Postmaster General.

# THE FIELD A FAR



AT A PAGAN SHRINE IN JAPAN.  
"That they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent."  
—John xvii. 3.

VOL. XII. No. 8 ✚ AUGUST, 1918 ✚ PRICE 10 CENTS



REAPING A MID-SUMMER HARVEST AT MARYKNOLL.

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America overlooks the Hudson River about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a halfway house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

The Society received its first assignment—a field in the Province of Kwang-tung, China—in April, 1918.

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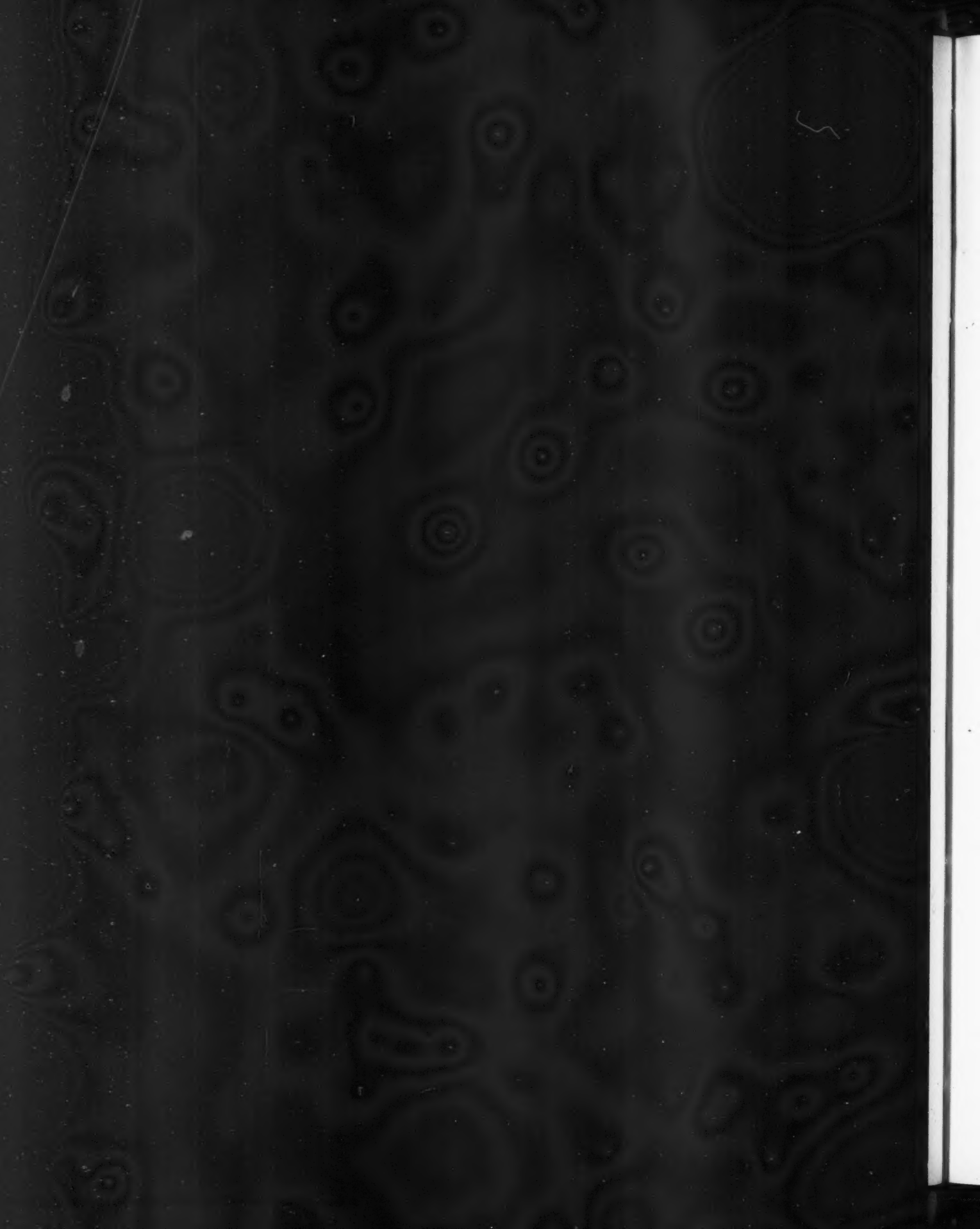
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# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA  
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.  
From Benefactors here and abroad—  
Several thousand Communions offered monthly and as many rosaries offered each week for all members of the Society.  
From Missioners in the Field—  
Several hundred Masses yearly;  
Frequent Communions and prayers of faithful converts.

### OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

**S**CORES of subscribers to this paper, including several young men who had looked forward to joining the Maryknoll Mission, are now at the fighting lines in France. We commend these soldiers in a special manner to the prayers of our readers. May God bring them all back safely and strengthen the vocations of those whose holy ambition is to battle for the souls of heathen!

\* \*

**T**HE word of God, as recorded in the Gospels and as taught by the divinely founded Catholic Church, has never reached a large proportion of all the human dwellers on this earth. Why? Because men have not brought it to them. How strange that God should wait for the word of man. Yet He does so, and the opportunities that lie at the doors of some men—and women—to lead His blessed Feet into untrodden wildernesses where millions would welcome Him are not far to seek.

\* \*

**T**HE appeal of the American Cardinals has gone out over the country and over the world. Its truly Catholic note is strongly emphasized in the splendid lines which follow:

Our President has clearly defined the high principles upon which the sacred cause rests—they are as universal as they are unselfish. We battle for the welfare of men of every nation, asking no special indemnities for our sacrifices other than those which all free men al-

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ways seek. Surely this raises our aims and purposes up to the noblest standard of action, and sets the soul of the nation above the meanness and pettiness of selfish conquest or unchristian hate.

\* \*

**W**E notice by the daily papers that China is finding it difficult to raise money.

American bankers have been approached on the idea of floating a loan of fifty million dollars, but they very frankly declare that they must have the assurance of help and co-operation from the American State Department.

The root of the trouble lies in the fact that China is today practically without government.

If her people could overcome human respect they might be induced to call outsiders to their aid, to show them how to run a republican machine. But to "lose face" is an awful misfortune in the eyes of the sensitive Chinese.

In the meantime, mines of wealth lie idle, railroad enterprises are held up, people starve for lack of work, and bandits multiply over the land while pirates infest the China Sea.

MARYKNOLL WILL PUSH WAR SAVING STAMPS.

\* \*  
Maryknoll is arranging to place four priests in China before the close of this year. Do you wish to back them? You can do so by a simple prayer. And if your means allow you can do more. Here are the first and immediate needs:

Passage and outfit for each missionary ..... \$500\*  
Personal support (food, clothing and service) for each missionary for one year ..... 200  
Catechist for one year.. 180  
Yearly education of one student for the priesthood ..... 100

\* \*  
**G**UM—we have been asking ourselves if our tax-gatherers are not overlooking a great source of revenue, by omitting to control that popular jaw-exerciser of the American people. When our two Chinese boys, Francis and Ignatius, landed in Seattle they were struck by this "peculiar custom" and apologies were made on the ground that life is so strenuous here that the nerves require this diversion, which can be had at any and all times except during sleep.

We urge those of our readers who may be affected, however, to take a warning. GUM—like parlor-car travel—might disappear, at least for the nonce. Why not anticipate this demand and let the fruit of your preparation go as a sacrifice-gift to the missions?

\* \*  
**I**T is told of St. Francis Xavier that he paced the shore of Sanctian Island, looking longingly on Canton. He was eager to enter on the conquest of China.

It is a happy omen that St. Francis gazed on the very field assigned to the Maryknoll missionaries. His intercession will be a power in winning to God the Chinese souls he loved.

\* One has been received. See p. 134.

Soon, please God, our young American priests will stand where Xavier stood and the same thought of thanks will urge them to repeat the words which St. Francis Xavier wrote to his benefactors:

*"If I should be so fortunate as to succeed in preaching the Gospel to the Chinese, next to God it will be owing to you! You will have the honor of it, both in heaven and on earth, in the sight of God and men."*

To American prayers and money backing our American priests, next to God, will our advance in China be due and credit will be given the Catholics of the United States who have seconded the American missionaries.

\* \*  
**F**ROM the report of the United States branch of the Propagation of the Faith Society we note that its fiscal year's receipts were \$805,546.70, of which amount \$464,562.01 went to the general fund which is distributed from the center in France. The full sum gathered is gratifyingly larger than usual, but small in comparison with what this country is able to do. On the general fund of the Propagation of the Faith is hanging the very existence of some missions, where special gifts never reach; and if in these days America does not strengthen this fund, it is hard to see from what source the more destitute among our missionaries can draw their sustenance.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, as its Director announced, "does not concern itself with the fostering of vocations for the foreign missions or the training of those who have received the divine call, or the appointing of priests to their field of labor." Its aim is to gather alms, spiritual and temporal, and while it cannot be said to be the main support of all foreign missions it is certainly their greatest organized support and deserves a wider recognition in this country.

### The Maryknoll Annuity Idea.

*"Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal."*  
—Matt. vi. 19.

**A**N Italian fruit vender was found dead some time ago in New York and when his wife appeared on the scene she immediately searched in the socks her husband was wearing for \$1,200 which he had concealed there that morning.

We are sure that friends of Maryknoll do not keep their money in their stockings, but invested, so that it can gain at least three or four per cent each year.

The Italian's family doubtless needed this man's money; and perhaps you, too, have dependents, but if not—we suggest that you think of a *Maryknoll Annuity*. Give five hundred or a thousand dollars to Maryknoll, where it will be guaranteed against moths, rust, or thieves, and in return Maryknoll will send to you, as regularly as the time comes around, *as long as you live*, interest at five per cent.

This is the *Maryknoll Annuity* idea, which already has caught the attention of several friends,—priests as well as laymen.

### \* \* WHAT THEY SAY.

I do enjoy THE FIELD AFAR! It's a tonic!

I always look forward to an evening's entertainment when it comes.

I couldn't keep house without THE FIELD AFAR, and the children all love it.

Every time I read THE FIELD AFAR it makes me feel like "loosening up"—and the more I loosen up the more I seem able to do so.

(A lawyer, N. Haven.)

We had some "torrid" weather this week, so I took a rest from labor and one afternoon obtained a delightful series of "breezes" from several back numbers of the best paper I have ever read.

THOUGH CATHOLIC WE ARE AMERICANS.

### The Late Bishop Cusack.

THE saintly and apostolic Bishop of Albany, Right Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, twice visited Maryknoll, remaining over night on both occasions. The last time was in December, 1917, when three young priests—among them one of the Bishop's former altar-boys—received sacred orders from his hands.

No one knew Bishop Cusack except to admire him as the ideal type of Catholic bishop, "strong as a diamond, gentle as a woman," a lover of justice and a close follower of his Divine Master. We ask prayers for the soul of this beloved prelate.

### The C. W. B. L. Burse.

THE Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion Burse has been completed, with good measure and overflowing. The Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion stands as the first fraternal organization to discover Maryknoll on the horizon, and its promoters deserve much credit for their good sight. The Legion has by this act stamped its own varied and useful record with the seal of Catholicity. It had given an example that undoubtedly will be followed sooner or later by other Catholic organizations and will redound not only to the advantage of the missions but also to the honor of the Church in this country.

Maryknoll expresses to the C. W. B. L. its sincere thanks and the assurance that the line—a long one, we may well believe—of apostolic priests who will go forth from Maryknoll as C. W. B. L. beneficiaries will always keep the Legion and its members in prayerful remembrance.

The Holland Provincial of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart writes that in his little country the number of vocations is constantly increasing and at the present moment the Society numbers one hundred and fifty aspirants.



COME TO ME, ALL.

TAKE UP THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME.

(To a Maryknoll friend, on his Ordination Day.)

With kindling soul I glimpse the field afar,

Nor shrink from sight of waiting grief and pain;

When priceless souls the fruit of crosses are

Full glad I'll walk Christ's weary way again.

O Jesus dear, I hasten at Thy call,  
Nor purse nor scrip, I carry for the way;

In joy, in pain, whatever may befall,  
For Thee I toil, be Thou my guide and stay.

Lord, bless Thy priest! Make strong thy shepherd's soul,  
That in Thy steps my feet may fearless tread!

I follow Thee, O peerless gladsome goal!

Sweet field afar—the Cross where Thou hast bled!

—Fr. Melvin, C.S.S.R.

A group of nuns—Franciscan Missionaries of Mary—left in the month of June for the Far East. They went from New York, but no one of them had been born in this country. Canada claimed most of them, and the remainder—one, if we are not mistaken—is a daughter of Ireland.

One will leave the boat at Japan, six at China, and three at Colombo, Ceylon. Good for Canada! And Ireland! America will not be far behind them in time, and may yet overtake both.

The post-office address for Maryknoll is

OSSINING, N. Y.

### Two Classes.

WHATEVER success has come so far to Maryknoll is due, under God, largely to the co-operation of many who have given little, rather than of few who have given much.

Co-operation, however, should not be measured in terms of money, since prayer and earnest effort may produce far more than what money can purchase.

A Maryknoll roster of *Founders* and *Benefactors* will naturally be embodied in the history of this work for souls, and names of *Founders* and *Benefactors* will be carefully preserved on written records and probably in enduring bronze.

*Founders* we can locate easily enough, since it is settled that one who gives five thousand dollars becomes a *Maryknoll Founder*. *Benefactors*—those who actually give one thousand dollars to Maryknoll—can also be recognized; but we fear that others, whose service to the Cause means more than thousands of dollars, may some day be overlooked.

Fortunately, it is our experience that those who give to foreign missions never desire publicity; and fortunately, too, God never overlooks the good deeds of men.

Have you remarked that THE FIELD AFAR has now, counting its cover, *twenty-four pages*? We hesitated to increase its size, because paper is scarce and therefore dear, but good copy was overflowing and our readers deserve all we can give them. We shall be amply repaid if the few extra pages are read.

### Stories from The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit. 160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations. Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

THE BETTER CATHOLIC, THE STRONGER PATRIOT.

### Chinese Catholics in America.

[This column is reserved for items of interest from priests of the United States or Canada who are in touch with Asiatic converts.]

From Montreal.

December 23, 1917:

Nine Chinese adults were received into the Church by Archbishop Bruchesi and made their First Communion on Christmas Day.



I G N A T I U S

March 17, 1918:

A notable religious demonstration occurred in Chinatown, at which Bishop Gauthier and Fr. Chan, S.J., assisted with Fr. Caillé, the Director of the *Mission Catholique Chinoise*.

Fr. Chan was born in China and made his studies in Spain. During his stay here he has given Lenten instructions to the Chinese and visited many of his countrymen, with whose dispositions he is well satisfied. On this occasion Fr. Chan gave a short instruction, which was immediately followed by the baptism of two young Chinamen and the confirmation of twenty-six others. Bishop Gauthier officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

March 24, 1918:

Fr. Chan gave a "great lecture." Three hundred Chinese were present and so heartily enjoyed the talk and the stereopticon views that they cheered their fellow-countryman when he was leaving them. Fr. Chan left a few days later for the Jesuit novitiate at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., after a visit that was of much benefit to the Montreal Mission.

A second Chinese priest now in America resides at Montreal. His name is Joseph Zi, and our young Chinese correspondents at the Maryknoll bureau in San Francisco know him and write:

Fr. Zi was born near Shanghai, and his ancestor, Sukwank'i, a minister of the Men dynasty about three hundred years ago, was a very good Catholic and a very learned man. Sukwank'i was baptized by the famous Jesuit, Matthew Ricci.

### Our Twins.

THE Tsu boys are coming.  
*Who? What? Why?* you ask.

The Tsu boys, Francis Xavier and Ignatius, two names that tell their own story, were formerly students of the Jesuit School in Shanghai, and came to the United States with the Maryknoll Superior, to see, know, and be impressed by what a growing number of people believe to be the best country in the world.

At this writing they are over in San Francisco, under the tutelage of Maryknoll's representative in that city, but they are looking forward to a trip East, and are expected shortly at Maryknoll.

The Tsu boys have a brother a priest, an uncle a priest (both Jesuits); a sister a nun, an aunt a nun (both Helpers of the Holy Souls); and a brother an aviator in France. Their own future work has not yet been settled, but they bid fair to be worth the considerable expense which their father is willing to meet for their education, and Maryknoll is

pleased to see in them the beginning of a procession of Catholic Chinese youth to this country. Later, American missionaries in China will find that bread cast upon the waters returns.

*But I hear some one say: "Our diocese is well supplied with earnest laborers; we have no need of more priests." No need of more*



F R A N C I S X A V I E R .

*priests? look beyond the confines of your own diocese. Behold the countless multitudes that are still groping in darkness and in the shadows of death. The imperative need of the hour is that we cultivate the missionary spirit among the youths entrusted to our care. Among the boys confided to your charge there may be a future St. Francis Xavier who is destined to convert millions.*

—Rev. F. X. Steinbrecher.

In the July issue THE FIELD AFAR published a photograph of Fr. Peter Chan, S.J., who is on his way to his native land. He will remain in New York, at 44th Street and Second Avenue, for five months, to pick up English—and a few stray dollars.

M A R Y K N O L L   H A S   I N V E S T E D   I N   L I B E R T Y   B O N D S .



### The Pioneer's Log.

(Up the West River.)

WE were due to reach the West River by noon and it was eight o'clock when we left the hamlet. The thought of the consequences if we should miss the boat spurred us on, and we arrived at the river bank a few moments before the appointed time—only to wait another hour for the steamer.

This ark, propelled by its own power, had no guard-rail on its main deck and gave every opportunity to its passengers to walk overboard. A deck promenade was out of the question, even had we been so inclined, and besides it was time for lunch. So we climbed a few steps and entered the saloon.

There are two classes on these boats, first or third class and steerage. This was a first or third class saloon, where Chinese men in stuffed cotton or embroidered silks could find room for their legs and their baggage—usually a no inconsiderable space-filler. Fr. Gauthier and I took our places on the reclining-bench nearest the serving-table and gave an exhibition of food-transportation for the benefit of a large circle of interested spectators. I knew that my companion was ashamed of my efforts, and that I was "losing face" as well as eatables, but I could not help it. My fingers were weak from illness, and with chop-sticks thin and slippery I cut a sorry figure as a model of Chinese table etiquette.

"What are they thinking about?" I asked at one point, as I laid aside the instruments of torture, and looked at the sphinxes about me. "They are laughing in their sleeves," my companion replied, "at your awkwardness."

And I smiled as I thought how the tables turn in this life.

The Jesuit Fathers welcomed us again at Shuihing, where we had an opportunity to take off several days' growth of beard, and we went into a consultation about the next move.

It was Wednesday night, and I had engaged passage for the Philippines on the weekly boat sailing Friday from Hongkong. I could sleep that night at the mission and leave early the next morning; or I could take the "Great Steamer" from Wuchow, due to stop that night at Shuihing on its way to Hongkong. This latter arrangement seemed easy, especially since there was at the water's edge a large sampan expressly reserved for waiting passengers. It was decided that I should go on at once to Hongkong, leaving Fr. Gauthier to rest at the mission and return the next morning to Canton.

Again that night I was held up at the city gate, but when the guards had assured themselves about my passport they let me squeeze through with Ahman, who had been thoughtfully assigned to stay with me until the "Great Steamer" should arrive.

The waiting sampan was unusually large and the family had evidently retired for the night in its protected quarters, leaving the open deck for a group of expected travellers, Chinese men and boys, some of whom were smoking their water-pipes and others dozing at full length on the boards.

Ahman spread a blanket for me on the only space left, and covering my knees with its folds I backed up against the family partition and settled down to wait for the whistle that might be heard in an hour. It was nine p. m., and the steamer arrived at three a. m. By that time I was at full length on the deck and half awake, while Ahman was "snug as a bug in a rug," and evidently in deep slumber. But the master of the barge had only one word to utter and Ahman was at my side, folding the blanket, which had served its purpose well.

As our barge left its moorings another bark bumped into us with a crash that appeared serious, and then to my surprise I noticed that no fewer than a dozen boats, all full of passengers, were moving with us. We all made for the center of the river, where the "Great Steamer" was anchored, and ten minutes later confusion was at its height, with a couple of hundred Chinese trying to get down the swinging steps and a couple of hundred more attempting to climb them.

Why more people are not drowned over here is a mystery to me, and how Ahman landed back on the barge after getting my bag safely to the deck I cannot explain. All that I recall is being swept up the swinging stairway and landing almost in the arms of a turbaned Indian policeman who, recognizing the only European passenger, directed me to a gangway leading to the upper deck. There an iron gate was opened and another dusky Indian with a rifle in his hand beckoned me to follow him. The steps were steep, and suddenly as I looked up I noticed that the muzzle of the Indian's gun was pointed directly at my head. Now that member of my body is fairly thick, and the Indian had, I am certain, no designs on me, but I drew back and waited prudently until conditions were more favorable.

After some searching in the dark, a stateroom was opened and I had privacy at least—also one sheet, a pillow, and a blanket. I caught sleep in

### THE MARYKNOLL RING!



*Everything that comes from Maryknoll ought to be good. This ring will stand under criticism.*

Sterling silver .....\$3.00  
10-karat gold ..... 5.00  
14-karat gold ..... 6.00

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

such snatches as an assertive cough would allow until morning.

We were scheduled to be in Hongkong at noon, but it was six in the evening before we reached the harbor. I arrived at the Procuration before dinner was well-advanced, looking, I was told, quite the worse for wear, but glad to get to what felt so much like home.

The next morning was a busy one, and early in the afternoon I sailed on the Loong-sang for Manila.

(Manila.)

When inspections were over in the bay of Manila, and the Loong-sang moved towards its dock, I began to ask myself about the next move. Bp. Foley had telegraphed "Come," but I knew that he was yet far away from Manila and I had no friends at the capital.

It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, to note in the dock line of expectants a flash of purple, which I knew could hardly be there except for myself,—and my joy was considerable when I recognized Bp. MacGinley of Nueva Caceras, a constant friend of Maryknoll from its beginning. My arrival in Manila was about to coincide with the annual meeting of all the bishops of the Philippine Islands, and Bp. MacGinley, reaching the city a few days in advance, had been made acquainted with my message to Bp. Foley. The Archbishop was out of town, but had kindly left word for me to take quarters at his residence, so that in a few moments my lines had fallen in goodly places and the Loong-sang, with other memories of uneasy moments, disappeared like a nightmare.

Manila was clean, white, odorless, and peaceful, and as I looked up at the Stars and Stripes I felt that I was home again.

We motored quickly along the new American boulevard, and in a few minutes after entering the walled city were in the Archbishop's palace, a simple unimposing structure from outside but dignified and spacious within.

There are few rooms in the palace, but they are all large, and the room into which I was ushered was almost frightening. It was rather a dormitory, with two beds and a partition

FRIENDS HAVE ADDED OTHERS TO THESE.



between them, and a half-dozen more could easily have been set up with ample accommodations for all. I tried to figure out how much of our pro-seminary building at Maryknoll would fit into this apartment, and I came to the conclusion that about two-thirds would be a good guess.

My stay here was a continued holiday, such as I had not experienced in years. The Archbishop, returning the evening after my arrival, gave unquestionable assurance of welcome; Bp. Foley came on the third day; and the companionship of three English-speaking prelates, their genial humor and simple recreations, combined with balmy air and other health-giving influences to put me back into excellent physical condition in a short time.

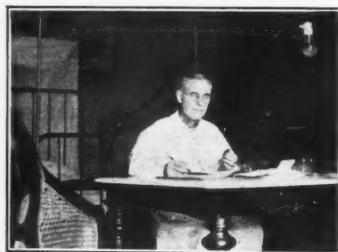
When I called at Buffalo, N. Y., on my way to the Far East, Bp. Dougherty,\* formerly of Jaro in the Philippines, sighed a desire to see the East again, and I have since met many who said they had learned to love the Orient so much that they could not live away from it. I am certain that my memory of the Philippines will be a bright one,—though I realize, too, that my stay was under the most favorable conditions. I had the perfect weather of January, a winter month with no chill in the air and no insects to sing me awake. I had friends to plan for me and to carry out the program with neither hitch nor inconvenience; and, more or less gracefully, I fell into the habit of letting somebody else do it—a habit not unknown in the Philippines.

Our government has cleaned Manila and made it odorless, but it has not taken away the Spanish atmosphere. The streets, houses, people, churches, the cries of vendors, the deep-toned bells, the abundance of music lovers, and a hundred other details, keep Manila the adopted child of old Spain. Although it was January in Manila I could recall the June heat of Spain. Not that Manila was really hot—I even met people who asked if I did not feel cold—but as a fact we wore, even when riding in the open, the thinnest garments, and in the house white cassocks. I had discarded a woolen vest, also a rain-coat, both of which had been for months my constant companions, and occasionally as I looked at them in contempt I wondered how I could have borne their weight.

Bp. MacGinley took me, at an early moment, to visit His Excellency, Mgr. Petrelli, the Apostolic Delegate, in whose footsteps I had been walking, rather awkwardly, through Japan and Korea.

His photograph, which has appeared

\* Now Archbishop of Philadelphia.



TAKEN IN MANILA.  
(This is not President Wilson.)

more than once in THE FIELD AFAR, was so familiar to me, and his greetings so simple and genuine, that I felt as if I had always known him, and this feeling was deepened by several occasions when again I met His Excellency at his own pleasant home and elsewhere.

We visited also that day the Redemptorist Fathers and the Convent of the Assumption Sisters.

The Redemptorist Fathers came directly, by way of Australia, from the "old country," but in Manila they are a new institution and a very useful one. They have been assigned to the parish of Malate, a section of Manila, and in the past few years they have built a substantial school,—not a day too soon.

The American public school system, applied to the Philippine Islands, is working such havoc as must delight those in the Islands and elsewhere who have neither love nor respect for the Church of Christ, and I found an object lesson at Malate.

The school over which Fr. Browne presides contains 500 pupils. In the public schools of his district there are at least 1,000 more whose character development is confined to this influence, supplementing what direction parents, indifferent to religion, will give. Most of the boys and girls who attend the Malate Catholic School are the children of parents anxious to have their Faith preserved, and these parents are willing, like their fellow-Catholics in the United States, to make a sacrifice to the great end.

The proportion between Catholic and public school children in the Philippines generally is, I understand, hardly better than and in many instances not so good as at Malate, so that one cannot help fearing for the future under such conditions. Religious instruction is not allowed in the public schools, and the children will not go to the church to secure it.

On the other hand, Protestantism cannot affect many of the Filipinos and it is, to say the least, doubtful if it can strongly hold any.

This means an irreligious generation for the future, unless the Government, realizing the temperament of the Filipino people, shall make it a point to encourage in the public schools the teaching of the Catholic Faith to those whose parents are willing to have them receive it. Wise legislators, who look ahead and are truly patriotic, would not hesitate to bring about this condition. Will they do so?

Our visit to the Assumption Academy gave me an insight into educational advantages for Catholic young women in the Philippines. This is one of several similar schools, all of which compare favorably with convent schools in the large cities of the United States.

The Assumptionist Sisters impressed me as being particularly well-equipped. The Superioress is an Irish lady and there is at least one American among them. They form a happy community although at present, as all along the line in the Far East, they are seriously inconvenienced for lack of recruits from the mother-houses in Europe.

The grounds of the Assumptionist Convent are extensive and quite delightful, especially to a newly-arrived visitor who finds himself suddenly dropped into semi-tropical surroundings.

The building, with its great verandahs, its windows of shell, and its suggestion of Spanish days, is very attractive; and not less interesting is the life of the place. Our visit happened to coincide with the monthly meeting of the graduate pupils, who, after a sermon and Benediction in the Chapel, flitted about the grounds like so many butterflies, while from what sounded like a hundred pianos came the combined noise of as many young would-be "perfectly wonderful players."

On the occasion of a later visit to this convent I witnessed a little drama on the martyrdom of St. Agnes, which had been prepared for the hierarchy in whose sunlight I was basking. The play, given in a large hall, open at the sides, was well-staged, and the participants—all, as I recall, Filipino pupils—were certainly a credit to the good judgment and training of their teachers.

Thursday morning I met Bp. Foley when his boat arrived. He had been on it three days and was glad to land, but he was no better pleased than I was to greet again a friend of my youth and a brother, constant and sympathetic, in the priesthood.

Bp. Foley was dressed in his episcopal cassock, with the broad hat and the green and gold cord commonly worn by bishops in Europe.

The Philippines have seen changes since the American occupation, but

traditions are strong and among others are some that affect the hierarchy. The bishops must keep up the dignity of their state while on the Islands. They should not be seen walking in the street. It is bad form. And to appear in the street dress of an American bishop would be absolutely unpardonable, even inconceivable. As large a spread of purple as possible, a wealth of gold chain and cross, a cushioned seat behind two horses, a coachman and a foot-man, or, as is now tolerated, a respectable automobile—these are what the Filipino demands of his bishop and for his bishop although he may never give a *peso* towards their purchase or maintenance.

With Bps. MacGinley and Foley as rare companions, I was enabled to look into some of the many other religious works of Manila, including two spacious hospitals and several schools. I also managed to make visits to the University conducted by the Dominicans and to the Jesuit College.

Archbishop O'Doherty, who was busy in those days with Confirmation, left at an early hour every morning to reach some more or less remote post. I readily accepted an excellent opportunity which one of these Confirmation trips gave me to catch a glimpse of Filipino life, and after Masses at five o'clock we whirled away from the palace through the yet unawakened city towards the north.

As we plunged that morning into the country, the Archbishop gave a running comment on what we passed, revealing the pride of a native. Occasionally as he talked he would return with a blessing the salutations of the passing villagers. The air was fresh, and the palm trees seemed to wave a welcome as we speeded along in and out of the quaint settlement.

The previous day I had read of a blizzard in the States, and with closed eyes I pictured Maryknoll shrouded in a heavy blanket of snow,—the mules ploughing pathways, a cold northwestern wind sweeping down the Hudson and over our hills. But here were houses, or huts, of bamboo, with thatched roofs, and windowless, with no other support than four posts. At every opening some member of the family seemed to be occupied or waiting for something to happen. Under many of these houses cattle were as much at home as their owners above.

Proud roosters crowed as we passed, and hens scattered, almost losing their heads as they did so. Half-clad little "brownies" gazed at, and probably after, us, and I longed for a moving-picture machine outfit, so arranged that it could be mounted on the rear of our automobile and run

itself. How hard it is to impress those at home with what we see abroad! And how much one longs to do so!

Before leaving the city we had called for a young Filipino priest, Fr. Caesare, who assists the Archbishop on his Confirmation tours and also as secretary. Fr. Caesare, who made his course in Rome, speaks English and supplemented the Archbishop's explanations from time to time, so that the journey was unusually instructive as well as enjoyable. We passed several sturdy looking old churches with their "conventos" (the residence of the priests) commanding the public squares, and I longed to look into them more closely, but we had no time to lose. Our chauffeur, Daniel, came suddenly to a stop at last and even our dignified little footman, the Archbishop's boy Joseph, turned in his seat.

It was not the end, nor was it an accident, but a question of how to go on, because the road seemed to lose itself at a river. There was only one thing to do and we did it. Daniel's and Joseph's purple-ribboned caps remained motionless on their heads while the automobile gracefully forded the stream, without sprinkling even a drop of water on its occupants.

Five minutes later, as we neared a large village, the sound of a brass band greeted our ears. The event of the day was on, and my rôle was a very simple one. It was: to be the whole audience.

Filipino priests in surplice met us as the automobile stopped. A holy-water sprinkler was presented to the Archbishop and we walked briskly through a large gathering of men, women, and children, into the church, the crowd

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closing in as we proceeded to the sanctuary. Here prayers were said and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered by one of the native priests.

Following this, the Archbishop vested and made a formal visitation of the church, inspecting confessionals, holy water stoups, the altars, and the sacristy,—out of whose cases and cupboards many interesting vases and sacred vessels had been taken for exhibition on this occasion.

When the inspection had been completed the Archbishop spoke to the people in Spanish, and for the benefit of those who knew only the Tagalog dialect Fr. Caesare interpreted from the pulpit.

By this time I began to realize that the church was filled and that no inconsiderable proportion of those standing (there are no seats here) had babies in arms.

It has long been a custom among the Filipino Catholics to confirm children in their infancy and the American bishops have made no change. I had been prepared to witness the Confirmation of babies but, as elsewhere,



IN THE PHILIPPINES, WHERE RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS ARE FREQUENT JOYS.

ARE ACCEPTABLE AT MARYKNOLL.

I did not know what was ahead of me when, responding gladly to the Archbishop's suggestion, I accompanied him and his assistants along the line of those to be confirmed.

"Along the line" in such a case always meant to me along the sanctuary rail, but this time it was up and down the church, along an aisle defined by temporary bamboo rails, back of which was massed an army of Filipino babies.

On one side were boys and on the other girls,—each held by a god-parent who had all that he or she could do to present at the same time the infant and a card bearing its name.

As we left the sanctuary the crowd overflowed into it, and as the other end of the aisle was blocked there was no escape, even had I desired it.

The wealth of color was for a moment bewildering, with men, women, and children in countless shades, lemons, pinks and light greens predominating. Soon, however, I could center my attention on the babies, as they were presented, in more or less complete attire, to be confirmed. They were "the cutest little things imaginable," as one of our Teresians would describe them, with their wee brown faces and sparkling black eyes, but oh! the noise!

Hardly had the ceremony begun when a scream gave a signal for a chorus that started some inquisitive dogs barking and spread confusion like lighted powder through the waiting crowds. I recall baptizing infants when ten were in one small room but here, by actual count, as was afterwards reported, there were 1,020, and I hope I do not exaggerate when I say that one thousand were screaming on that occasion.

There is no window glass in these great churches of the Philippines and occasionally, through the bars that supported the openings, birds would fly in and over our heads as if to find out the trouble. Passing back toward the altar on the first turn, I noticed in a frame behind the pulpit the placid countenance of St. Thomas, of the Order of Preachers, but no Dominican could silence such a congregation as this. Some of the babes were breaking their fast munching crackers, which, in some cases, failing to pacify, made matters worse as the little faces appeared to His Grace smeared with a tear-mixed paste.

By the fifth turn the crowd had broken down the bamboo rail. Babies were being pushed into place under some temporary benches on which they were occasionally deposited—almost thrown—from above the heads of those on the inside line.

As we came again toward the altar for the seventh time I took a look toward St. Thomas back of the pulpit.

Angels without wings were hiding him. Two youngsters in pink and yellow gauze, looking for new sensations, had mounted the pulpit steps and, with arms akimbo (like Rafael's cherubs) resting on the desk, were calmly surveying the scene before them. I expected every moment to see them "called down," but no—we were in the Philippines, where everybody feels at home in the church.

I did not note the number of times we went up and down that line of babies, and I wondered if there were not some "repeating" in the crowd, but the name cards told the truth and finally the last scream was heard, the closing prayer read, and we went into the convento.

A portion of the congregation seemed to have penetrated the privacy of the house before we entered and everyone wished to kiss the Bishop's ring. The Filipinos love this little ceremony far better, I am sure, than do the bishops, who cannot very well discourage it since an indulgence is attached to the salutation.

**Will you be a bearer of the Immaculate Conception's Message? Send for a copy of the formula which will explain this simple and efficient work for souls.**

Living quarters in the Philippine villages seem to be all upstairs and this convento was no exception, but I felt as I reached the upper story that safety lay below. The floor beams were of thin bamboo rods, with spaces through which one would see the dirt floor below. Laid on the bamboo were matings over which I walked gingerly, with a feeling that I would surely go through at the next step, but confidence came back when I realized that the great officials of the village were trusting their illustrious personages to the bamboo and that the Archbishop himself was unconcerned.

When His Grace had gotten into cooler garments speeches were made at him and one, from a young man, seemed particularly eloquent. It touched on the independence of the Philippines, among a dozen other subjects, and was applauded heartily.

Dinner followed the speeches, and the unfailing siesta followed dinner. In the meantime, babies who had had other engagements in the morning turned up for Confirmation in the afternoon. The patient Archbishop put on his robes again and made everybody concerned happier. Towards four o'clock we left quietly for Manila.

Manila is no small city. It boasts of a population approaching 300,000

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and it is a Mecca for aspiring lawyers, doctors, and other professional gentlemen.

The new guide book published by the Imperial Railways of Japan does not speak kindly of Religious Order domination in the Philippines, but it makes at least one favorable statement when it says that the University of St. Thomas, conducted by the Dominican Fathers, is "the oldest institution of its kind under the American flag."

This University was begun in 1611. It supplies courses in theology, canon law, civil law, philosophy, classics, civil engineering, architecture, art, medicine, physiology, pathology, organic and inorganic chemistry, and other "ologies." It has a museum that is widely known and often visited, and its students represent all sections of the Islands. I looked into St. Thomas University one morning and saw also the Dominican publication and printing establishment which is quite complete—well-enough equipped, in fact, to produce books and a daily paper.

Only a few minutes away from the Dominican properties is the Jesuit College, known as the *Ateneo*, which was founded in 1859 and has about a thousand students. Here, although I found no English-speaking priests to the language born, there are several who know and teach in English.

Besides these two large Catholic educational institutions there are others conducted by the Government, whose students, as a rule, catch hardly a breath of Christian faith during their course.

Protestant effort has been directed towards these young men and dormitories have been established to provide for their temporary homes.

The Y. M. C. A. is strong in this movement and its house is well-filled with students who pay a moderate sum for their accommodation.

A few years ago Fr. Finnegan, one of the few American Jesuits who have worked in the Philippines, opened a

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small dormitory. A new building and grounds called for an expenditure that sent Fr. Finnegan back to the States to find the means. He managed to gather enough for the land but was obliged to give up his dormitory work, which was then transferred to the one American Augustinian remaining in the Islands.



THE TIRELESS FR.  
MCERLAINE.

This Augustinian, Fr. McErlaine, although a solitary representative, is by no means lonely. Heat may excuse the Filipino for lack of initiative and perseverance but it seems never to wilt Fr. McErlaine, who is known apparently by everyone in Manila.

Archbishop O'Doherty is giving a hearty and substantial backing to Fr. McErlaine who, by means of a paper, *St. Rita's Messenger*, and circular letters, has been throwing out lines over the Islands and across the ocean, bringing back such substantial returns that the Catholic Dormitory, named after St. Rita, is already near completion and will be the most attractive and best situated building of its kind in Manila.

Fr. McErlaine lives among the students, speaks to them in English, the language of their ambitions, and has a special Mass at the Cathedral every Sunday at which an English sermon is preached and which the students attend. He needs helpers and lives in the hope that one or more of his American confrères can be spared to join him in this worthy enterprise. Among the young Filipino men now living under Catholic influences will be, doubtless, some of the future framers of laws and moulders of public opinion. Multiply the chances of securing always a goodly proportion of

such and the Church will not be hampered in the Islands.

The new dormitory will, it is hoped, be the first of several to be established in large centers through the Philippines. Less than a dozen American priests who need to speak only English and who are willing to spend themselves for the souls of young men would meet this need. The Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Manila, and all the bishops—American and Filipino—are keenly anxious to see this plan realized at the earliest possible moment. (Any reader who desires more information on this subject may write to Maryknoll.)

### Maryknoll-in-China.

THE Maryknoll Mission has for several years past been NO MAN'S LAND since for lack of priests it was abandoned. We hope to make it GOD'S LAND.

A priest is already at work, and following in the footsteps of Maryknoll's Superior he has penetrated still further into the interior from the West River. A recent letter reads as follows:

Tong-on, April 7, 1918.

Dear Fr. Walsh:

After a long, and I must admit a hard, journey, Fr. Gauthier and I arrived at Tong-on (alias Yun-fu), capital of the county of the same name, one of the four counties belonging to the Maryknoll Mission.

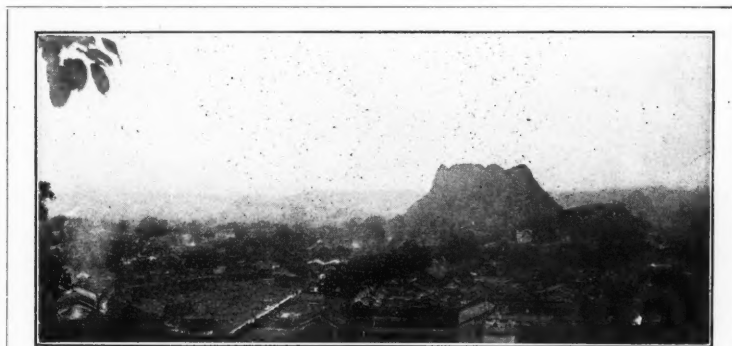
We left the bishop's house in Canton on April 4, at 8 a. m., and, following your route, took the ferry across to the railway station. The steamer was, as usual, packed with people, and when they made a rush to get off at the opposite bank I thought the tub

would capsize. The train was not half long enough to take all on board. We had bought first-class tickets as a precaution, but they swarmed up from third into second, and then filled all the standing room in the first-class. We had third-class passengers sitting on the arms of our seats. The conductor took their tickets and said nothing.

The trip through the country was pleasant enough. We saw countrymen with hats as big as umbrellas, and grass raincoats that made them look like moving haystacks, and women hoeing with babies tied on their backs. A peculiar harrow in common use consisted of a spike driven into the ground, about which a longtoothed beam was revolved by husband and wife. "Adam and Eve," I said to myself, "after the Fall." We noted an ingenious method of raising water to a higher level. Two women with ropes, to which was attached a wicker basket, stood on opposite sides of a pool, and swung up the water at the rate of a pail a second to a rice field ten feet higher.

After two or three hours by rail we boarded a river steamer and arrived at Shuihing, the principal city of the Jesuit vicariate, as you recall. We visited the little school of the Jesuits and the convent which you saw.

We arose next morning at 2, said Mass, and boarded a small river steamer. It was propelled by a rear paddle-wheel, the smokestack and boiler were at the prow, and the engine at the stern. My first impression was that she was only the after-half of a steamer, cut in two just in front of the smokestack; but in getting inside we found that this arrangement gave great passenger space—which was occupied to the full, so that we could find no place to lie down.



THE MARBLE MOUNTAINS OF TONG-ON IN THE MARYKNOLL MISSION.

IN THRIFT OR WAR SAVING STAMPS.

We were dead tired on arriving at Loto, a village in the county of Tong-on. There we took chairs—which I found much more uncomfortable than those of Chekiang—to Tong-on City, a distance of fifteen miles. Two women carried our baggage which weighed nearly 200 pounds—poor things. The women in southern China do not gain much by having natural-sized feet in place of the tiny cramped ones I used to see in Chekiang.



"The roof slopes inward from all sides towards an opening five feet square."

We said Mass Sunday morning in the house of the only Christian family—mother and son—in this city, and I felt sad to think of all the pagans in this and the hundreds of other towns and villages of the county. May salvation be soon brought them by the Maryknoll missionaries!

After breakfast we visited the mandarin of the place, partly to pay him a social call and let him know of our presence, and partly to urge him to summon to justice the perpetrators of the massacre of the Christians and the destruction of our chapel two years ago in the village which you visited. He said that he was doing his utmost, that he had issued warrants for certain arrests, and hoped soon to obtain reparation.

The house we are stopping at, like all I have seen in the cities here, is narrow and very deep. It has a door at each end, and no windows. The roof slopes inward from all sides towards an opening five feet square. In a thunderstorm today we had the novel experience of sitting in the interior of a house and seeing a waterfall pouring down from the opening in the roof into the middle of the room. The floor on which the water falls is lower than the rest, and an un-

derground sewer carries it off, but you may imagine how damp a house like this is, especially at the rainy season.

This is the second storm in two days, so the pagans cannot say we bring bad luck, for they had had no rain for six months and were in danger of famine. Yesterday's thunderstorm caught us on the ugly little steamer of which I have spoken. It was a fearful gale and nearly blew the boat over. The passengers rushed about to get out of the rain and were almost in a panic. Windows wouldn't shut and glass panes were lacking, so we all got drenched. The engines stopped and the vessel drifted within a few feet of the banks before they could get started again. And all this amidst dreadful flashes of lightning and claps of thunder!

After the rain today the pavements were snowy white—for the roads in Tong-on are paved with marble! But don't think it is a rich place on that account. Marble is of no value here, for all the mountains surrounding the city are of marble and weird looking masses indeed they are.

In Tong-on I should say there are 10,000 families. There ought to be a priest stationed here. Roads lead here from all parts of the country.

Tomorrow we make a journey of seven hours through the mountains, to a place where a few more Christians live. "Few and far between they are," you will say; but that is why you instituted Maryknoll Seminary, to convert "those in darkness and the shadow of death."

I am quite well except that I have had a toothache almost continually. When we return to Canton I shall go to Hongkong and see your little Jap dentist.

I must quit now, as the meager light from the tiny panes in the roof of this bedroom is not enough to write by, although it is only half-past four. Today we had to light the lamp at noon during lunch.

Yours faithfully,  
J. M. F.

Yeong-kong was hardly known until it came under the eyes of the Maryknoll searchlight, and just about that time Gen. Lung, who is something of a giant with two very robust lungs, spotted it as a desirable base to occupy against the Southern forces of China, which as a Northern commander he was expected to subdue. This action put Yeong-kong on the map and, small as it is, it

has been for the past six months the battle ground of the civil war in China.

While in China the Maryknoll Superior made several attempts to get to Yeong-kong, either by land or water, because in normal times access is possible by both routes. He found, however, that the steamer—or, to call it by its right name, the junk—was not running, for fear of being commandeered by some one of the belligerents, and that the overland route was as uncertain in regard to time as it was in many other ways, especially as it affected the pocket-book for which a horde of bandits had a special fancy.

He did the best he could to reach Yeong-kong by water, but failed, and today he can only draw on his imagination for a picture of what the future center of Maryknoll's first mission looks like. One of these days, however, some Maryknoller will manage to get into Yeong-kong, and after that our friends will certainly begin to know the place.

In the meantime, Fr. Fraser, writing of Yeong-kong, says:

Things are not very bright down there at present. Gen. Lung has retaken Yeong-kong and the surrounding country, and also Yanping, a city between Yeong-kong and Canton, belonging to the Macao vicariate. The American gunboat lying at Canton has been dispatched to Yeong-kong.

The two Fathers in the new Salesian vicariate met with highwaymen who took their Mass box and everything else they carried, to the amount of several hundred dollars. A Standard Oil man and his two Chinese assistants, carrying \$13,000 to pay wages, were kidnapped in the north of the province. Pourparlers are being carried on with the robbers for his release!

P. S.—You inquire after my needs, present and remote. Please jot down in your memorandum two suits of *all wool* underwear, rather long—you know the size. It will do to send them when your men come.

It will be remarked that Fr. Fraser seemed to be more anxious about underwear for next winter than about bandits and kidnappers.



SCENES FROM MARYKNOLL - IN - CHINA.



A PAGAN SHRINE NEAR TONG-ON CITY.  
(In the north of the Maryknoll Mission.)



A CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENT IN TONG-ON COUNTY.  
(The Maryknoll Superior said Mass here.)



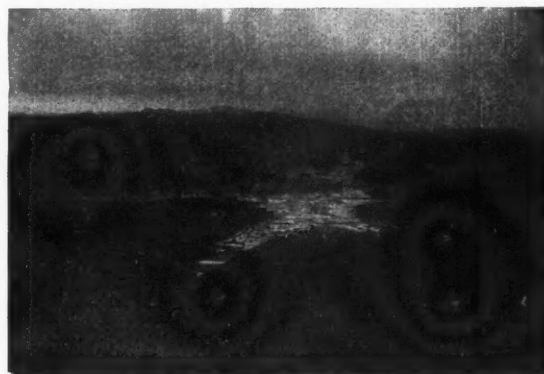
RICE FIELDS AND MARBLE MOUNTAINS OF TONG-ON.  
(Large pagan village in the background.)



SINTAI—SETTLEMENT OF SIX CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.  
(The Chapel is at the extreme right.)



TYPICAL SCENERY IN TONG-ON DISTRICT.  
(Rice-cultivation is the principal industry.)



FERTILE RICE FIELDS AND BARREN FIELDS.  
(In center, pagan town of 1,000.)

THE FIELD AFAR FOR SIX YEARS.

### Sr. Clare Fielding.

WHEN passing through China the Maryknoll Superior called on two Sisters of Charity whom he had known by correspondence for several years, Sr. Vincent McCarthy and Sr. Clare Fielding. It is with much regret that Maryknoll now learns of Sr. Fielding's death. The news came through her cousin, Sr. Xavier Berkeley of Chusan.

Sr. Clare Fielding was fifty-six years old and had spent much of her missionary life in hospital work, principally in Shanghai. She always followed with keen interest, however, the progress of the missions in the interior of China, and was overjoyed when a few years ago she was transferred to Chentingfu.

Last year she was needed in the large hospital at Kiukiang, where she caught typhoid fever from some of the victims of the flood. May Jesus have mercy on her pure soul!

Shortly before her death Sr. Clare wrote this last letter to Maryknoll:

Our Superiors have sent me back to dear Chentingfu and its many poor, and have given Sr. Gertrude from St. Mary's in Shanghai to talk English in Kiukiang.

Sr. Superior here has lately had some photographs taken of the inmates and thought you might like to have some, as she saw how pleased you were with your visit here. The numbers have greatly increased since then. I went around to each office to get the numbers and here is the result:

Infants, 95; babies in nursery, 65; small children, 70; medium, 115;

large, 125; deaf, lame, blind, crippled, 78; sick, 34; boarding pupils who pay \$1 a month, 50; refugees—women, girls and babies—710; aged women, 70; aged men, 85; women in hospital, 60; men in hospital, 65; women teachers and servants, 75; men servants, 48; nurses for babies, 17. (All of these sleep in our houses and get their three meals a day.)

These crowds are as closely packed as possible, sleeping on the floor on mats when there is no room elsewhere.

In six months 250 babies have been given to us: 55 survive. About 60 men and 50 women, young and old, have gone to Heaven from the hospitals, besides 20 children.

Many have eaten for weeks what we would call food for animals, namely the cake left after the cotton-seed oil has been pressed out, soup made from the husks of the arachide nuts boiled and ground, weeds from the river bed, and so on. The poor creatures come imploring on their knees for shelter



HOUSE OF MERCY AT CHENTINGFU.  
(The late Sr. Clare Fielding, who sent this photograph, stands at the left.)

FIFTY FRIENDS HAVE GIVEN

and food for a little while, and Sr. Superior cannot refuse them, so she goes on squeezing them in and trusting to Providence to supply the where-withal to provide for them.

So far God has wonderfully blessed her confidence. Little sums keep coming in from unexpected quarters to pay debts as they occur, so Sr. Superior has decided to give each of the poor ragged women enough cotton cloth to make a decent dress, and to trust in St. Joseph to send what will pay for it. On account of the cotton harvest having been spoiled by the rain, and much of what was good having been bought up by the Japanese for war purposes, cotton is very dear this year, but all the children have been clothed and the makings of a pair of shoes given to every one.

You will perhaps recognize me on the left in the photograph. The next Sister is a Belgian, beyond are two Italians, in front a French Sister, and at the back a Chinese—"Allies" well-represented. We are 10 foreign and 8 Chinese Sisters for 2,000 poor.

In the picture of the hospital you will notice a comical old man on a chair in the middle. For thirty years he has been a travelling catechist. He is also a very clever conjuror, and with his tricks draws a big audience and then starts preaching Christian doctrine. Afterwards he offers to give medicines to the sick, and babies are produced and he baptizes all who seem in danger of death. He claims to have sown the seed of conversion in hundreds of villages and to have baptized thousands of babies. I don't know how far one may believe him, but certainly he has done a lot of work for God. The Mission has for the last 25 years had a supply of about 24 kinds of medicines, pills, and powders that all these old Christians know how to distribute to advantage, giving us about 24,000 baby baptisms a year in the vicariate. No other vicariate is so well-organized so far. I hope your newcomers will succeed in outdoing us in the future.

Please do not publish my name. I have great objections to appear in print. Do as good Fr. Hudson does—call me "a correspondent in China," or I'll never dare write again.

Sr. Clare was Lady Fielding, sister of Lord Denbigh of England.

#### Maryknoll Educational Cards.

Views of Maryknoll and the Missions with accurate information on mission activity here and in fields afar.  
26 Subjects - - - 50 cents a set

### From An American Franciscan in China.

A FRANCISCAN priest in Hankow, Fr. Sylvester Espelage, has the distinction of being one of the handful of American priests in China, but the Superior of Maryknoll, who met him, says that he counts for several, even Americans.

A letter that is worth-while has come from Fr. Sylvester, and we are sharing it with our readers:

By the time this reaches you I hope you will have safely reached the shores of home, with the object of your long trip accomplished. The Knolligrams are keeping me informed of your movements, although behind the times—but *maskee!* (You haven't forgotten that word yet, have you?)

Since I saw you we closed school and opened it again. Tell your future apostles that is one of the most important ceremonies of the Chinese New Year. That holiday comes every year on a different date, according to the moon, but no matter what date the moon chooses we never omit the ceremony of closing school. The teachers and students like it, for it means a month's vacation.

I spent my vacation walking two hundred and fifty miles, at the rate of from ten to twenty miles a day. The weather was good and I enjoyed the tramp, but my object was to visit my old mission district—two counties—which I left in 1910.

In each of twenty scattered little parishes the missionary in charge and I packed and unpacked our beds, and put up our altar and took it down again. We gave at least two instructions, heard confessions (about three hundred in all), and gave Holy Communion. One poor fellow came to church on his own feet to receive Extreme Unction, although he looked like a doomed man.

It was an interesting and eventful foot-tour we two sons of St. Francis performed—and with the money we saved by walking instead of riding we bought a church! (That may sound like Murphy, but it's true!)

Every place had its own little human happenings, its stories,—and crosses, too. In some villages the prospects of the little flock look bright and promising; in others there is dissension, through the lack of a local leader, a guiding hand; some have lost courage on account of oppression or persecution; others are places where

### Perpetual Associate Membership.

Membership in perpetuity requires payment of fifty dollars. (The full amount need not be given at one time, but should be completed within two years.)

If secured for a person now living, it will continue after his or her death, as long as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society shall exist.

If secured for a soul departed, it is called a *Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership*.

May we suggest that you enroll your beloved dead as *Perpetual Associate Members* of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society?

Address:

Maryknoll : : : Ossining, N. Y.

the missionary in anguish cries out: "Woe to thee, Corozain, woe to thee, Bethsaida, woe to thee, Capharnaum!" on account of their ingratitude. To such a place the mission has for a number of years given special attention, but promising hopes have proven illusions, particular graces and opportunities seem to have been neglected and lost.

But all in all, the missionary's heart must be filled with consolation and thanksgiving. So it was in my old mission, to which my heart is still attached. Eight years ago we had not five hundred Catholics; now there are over fourteen hundred, not counting those who in the meantime have gone to their reward. In my time we had only three little chapels; now there are twelve. So we have a good footing in these two counties, whose population must be near a million.

On this flying trip the missionary in charge also made his arrangements for the twelve schools which the mission tries to keep up to instruct children and adults in their religion and also in the necessary secular learning. In some places the teachers or catechists were changed, in others reappointed for the year, and in one place dismissed for incompetency. It is not the best of materials the missionary may choose from when he lacks the spondulics, but we must try to be satisfied with "good enough" and get the best results possible from poor means.

Let me remind you of the lack of books in English suitable for the boys at our College and for the Mission Hospital at Hankow. I trust you have a goodly number of duplicates, so that our College library may soon take on a healthier appearance. I think such books as those of Fr. Finn and Fr. Spalding would take with our boys, so try, if possible, to get some of them into the collection.—S. E.

LIBERTY

BONDS

TO

MARYKNOLL.

### The Note Column.

HAVE you heard sung to "The Top of the Morning" Fr. Donnelly's cheering words, "The Service Flag"? The music has been arranged by L. W. Hardy.

Copies of the song may be obtained, we presume, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Our Colored Missions for June reproduced an interesting photograph entitled "Two of a Kind." The two were Mgr. Burke and Fr. Tolton, "the first colored man ordained for the United States," and that the photograph was taken thirty-one years ago is a fine tribute to the apostolic zeal of the present Director-General of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People.

Some of our readers will recall an article that appeared in these columns under the title, *A Message of the Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, to American Catholics*. This has been printed in booklet form under the caption

#### MISSION TRAINING

and a copy will be sent to any one who writes enclosing a return stamped envelope.

Not every religious order or society is represented yet on the foreign missions, but the day is surely coming when, realizing the actual value of foreign mission effort, every order will point with pride to its accomplishment in heathen lands.

Recently a leaflet came from Pittsburgh, with the heading:

#### THE CAPUCHIN FOREIGN MISSIONS

and a summary of widely-scattered mission work. The leaflet is issued by the Tertiary Mission Bureau, whose slogan is: "A Little of America's Waste for the Missions!"

If you are inclined to find a new subscriber for us, why not think of a friend in some distant city or town? We like to spread.

### Maryknoll Chronicle.

ARE you so old a friend of Maryknoll as to recall a mention, in this column, of mules? There were two of them, and they were satisfied to walk—except across the Hudson River—all the way from Brooklyn, and to spend the remainder of their lives on the slopes or in their stalls at Maryknoll.

We were proud of those mules when they arrived, and prouder still as time went on. They were real comforts, not, like Tin Lizzies and Fordlet trucks, troublesome ones. No rust grew on their hinges, no oil clogged their machinery, they might have had gasoline to burn but they never burned it and so on that score they never cost us a cent. And for the simple food which they did consume, even the Procurator, who watches jealously over granaries and ice-chests alike, was content to O. K. the bill without a murmur.

But—one of them, *Dom Pedro*, is, in the illustrious words of some ancient and unknown scribe, *no more*. We cannot go into the causes, because we do not know the way. There were conjectures and suspicions, but the only conclusion reached was that this particular mule just died. What was left of the noble animal found a place in our fields, not far from an ancient horse. When the horse was planted it was hoped that a horse-chestnut tree would some day shadow the ground. And now there are hopes of a donkey-engine from *Dom Pedro*.

The Procurator, a practical kind of man, had only one request to make, and in this hay-making season it was an urgent one—another mule.

Strange to relate, a few days after this sad occurrence above mentioned, an inquiry came over the telephone: "Have you a mule to sell?" The answer went back—"Yes, a dead one, if you wish to dig for it." But *Dom Pedro* is with us still—very still.

The new mule, Jack, is here. He was driven over the road from Brooklyn, through Yonkers and Tarrytown, to Ossining. Once when passing Sleepy Hollow Cemetery his ears twitched, and as he sighted Sing Sing for the first time he shied, but he arrived with not a hair turned, as horse dealers say.

Jack is a gift and a real one. In company with many others of his kind he has so far spent most of his days and his energies between Flatbush and Coney Island, and as he came from the same stables as the two royal animals whose praises have already been sounded through these pages, he finds here two friends, one above and the other under the ground. With Jack arrived a sulky—a two-wheeled affair that suggests an Irish jaunting-car of the ante-Sinn-Fein type. This will "come in handy" to fetch the Church History Professor, a pastor in the archdiocese of New York, who has had the privilege of riding in every vehicle that has been left at Maryknoll since it began. Long life to Jack!

Authorization to begin work was given to the organization of Maryknoll, at Rome, on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, 1911, by Cardinal Gotti. That was seven years ago and the event was commemorated this year as usual, July 29.

On that occasion a roster was printed which will interest our readers.

Its priests are:

Very Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior, Massachusetts;

Rev. Thomas F. Price, South Carolina;

Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, District of Columbia;

Rev. Daniel L. McShane, Indiana;

Rev. James E. Walsh, Maryland;

Rev. Newton W. Thompson, New York;

Rev. Vincent A. Dever, Pennsylvania;

YOU WILL NOT LOSE THAT WAR SAVING STAMP





BEFORE ST. MICHAEL'S ON THE SEVENTH FOUNDATION ANNIVERSARY.  
(Faculty, Students, Auxiliaries, with three guests, Fr. Bruneau, S.S., Fr. Cashin, S.S., Fr. Keith, S.J., and two Vénard mascots.)

Rev. Frederick C. Dietz, Ohio;  
Rev. Bernard F. Meyer, Iowa;  
Rev. John J. Massoth, Kansas;  
Rev. Francis X. Ford, New York;  
Rev. William F. O'Shea, New Jersey;  
Rev. Alphonse S. Vogel, New York;  
Rev. Patrick W. Browne, Newfoundland;  
Rev. John F. Swift, Maryland;  
Rev. Robert J. Cairns, Massachusetts.

Twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology at Maryknoll represent the following places:—  
Maine, 1; Massachusetts, 9;  
Connecticut, 1; Rhode Island, 1;  
New York, 5; New Jersey, 1;  
Pennsylvania, 3; District of Columbia, 1; Missouri, 2; Straits Settlements, 1.

Thirty-two students at the preparatory school, the Vénard, near Scranton are listed as follows:

Massachusetts, 12; Connecticut, 3; Rhode Island, 3; New York, 5; New Jersey, 1; Pennsylvania, 5; Maryland, 1; Ohio, 1; Newfoundland, 1.

The Society also includes twelve auxiliary brothers, one from Vermont, one from Massachusetts, three from New York, two from New Jersey, one from the District of Columbia, one

from Ohio, one from Missouri, one from Cuba, and one from Switzerland.

Not many days after the foundation anniversary another event occurred at Maryknoll, which is especially worthy of chronicle. This was the gathering of several Diocesan Directors of the Propagation of the Faith, on the Fourth of July, with their office assistants. Rev. Dr. Garrigan of Philadelphia, with Fr. McGinness, came to celebrate the "night before," and towards noon of the day itself Mgr. Dunn arrived from New York and Fr. Glavin from Albany. The several office forces found a warm welcome, with something to talk about, down at St. Teresa's.

"Jack," who accompanied the New York delegation, occupied the centre of every newly formed circle and was an attraction to everybody except *Collie*, who was chained for the day in a darkened room.

The sun was bright, the air delightful, and even the Procurator looked beaming.

The climax of joy was not reached, however, until the arrival of one upon whom all at Maryknoll look with affection as their spiritual father.—His Eminence Cardinal Farley, who had sent

word the previous evening that he would motor over from Mamaroneck on Long Island Sound and would spend a good portion of the day at Maryknoll.

Cardinal Farley, prompt as usual, drove into the seminary compound with his secretary, Mgr. Carroll, just as the Angelus bell was ringing.

In a few moments the refectory was fully alive,—although many students were away for their few weeks of holiday.

Fortunate, indeed, were those who remained, as His Eminence, reminiscent at first, then searching the future, touched all present by kindly and fatherly words that left then an impress for life upon those privileged to listen.

Ambitious photographers were clicking machines that afternoon, hoping for the remarkable results that so rarely come, but especially anxious to add something worth while to the Maryknoll Historic Photograph Album.

The much loved Cardinal of New York cannot come too often to please the Maryknoll families, who are refreshed and strengthened by his presence.

In our September issue there will appear another group photograph, of which His Eminence is the central figure.

IF YOU SEND IT TO MARYKNOLL.



Among other guests of the month were a score of priests, who do not like to see their names in print, and a group of Chinese. These last included:

Mr., Mrs., and Lucy and Mary Woo,  
Joseph and Paul Ing,  
Philomena Lan.

All hail from the province of China—we were about to say the county in Ireland—in which the first Maryknoll priests will labor.

Besides the visitors, and in several cases along with them, came some very encouraging gifts, for the several needs of Maryknoll and for the new Mission.

As usual, acknowledgment for the most generous went to priests and nuns, the Notre Dame Sisters being particularly active in gathering for the Venerable Julia Billiard burse.

The great surprises of the month came through the S. P. F. Diocesan Directors of New York and Philadelphia,—Mgr. Dunn presenting the new Mission with four gilt-edge bonds, the contribution of an interested priest; and Dr. Garrigan giving a check for one thousand dollars for the same purpose.

This latter sum will be applied to passage money and outfits, unless these immediate necessities shall be met by friends as yet unseen on our horizon.

On his return, the Superior of Maryknoll received many kind messages, for all of which he was grateful.

Perhaps none was more appreciated than the letter from a blind subscriber in northern New York, who wrote:

Welcome home. I trust you are very well and that your trip abroad has done you good both in health and blessings. I have followed you all around through the medium of THE FIELD AFAR and was very much interested in the account of your travels. I felt as if I were almost with you and could see the people in their quaint costumes, and some of the buildings. I was much surprised to hear of so many nice churches and other Catholic

institutions. I had no idea that there were so many Catholic people or so many missionaries in the field. It is high time that the American Catholics got busy.

I trust that you will pardon me for taking the liberty of writing to you but I feel as if you were an old friend and would just like to be at Maryknoll to grasp you by the hand and welcome you home safe and sound on good U. S. soil.

May God bless you and the work that you have undertaken, and grant you long life that you may live to see the fruits of your labor crowned with success and millions of pagans seeing the light of Christian faith through the efforts of our good American Catholic missionaries.

As the time approaches for the first departure from Maryknoll, our future missionaries are asking themselves and one another many questions. What happens to a Chinaman's queue if it falls into the molasses? What does he do with it in bed at night? How are we going to eat soup with chopsticks? By what means do Chinese boys and girls learn their catechism if they do not know how to read? What is the Canton way of saying: "Go in peace and sin no more?" Which of us will baptize the first pagan convert? Many of such questions we can answer ourselves; some will be solved as a result of Father Superior's recent visit to the scenes of our future labors, and others must wait for our own experience in the field afar.

Mite-box gatherings brought us last year two thousand dollars, enough to provide for eight students. We are believers in the "little-from-the-many" idea, though we are glad to get an occasional large slice from the few—just to give us a chance to catch up.

A post-card will bring you a mite box.

### Maryknoll-at-Scranton.

THE Maryknoll family at Clark's Green is on our waiting list—waiting for things which it probably expects its parent to provide or settle for in some mysterious way,—a bell, for example, to sound the Angelus,—prayer for

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to anyone address:			
10 copies (12 issues) for	\$8.00		
25 " " "	"	20.00	
50 " " "	"	40.00	
100 " " "	"	80.00	

peace,—and to call to action or repose a half-hundred dreamers of China.

It is waiting, too, for a small out-of-door statue of the Immaculate Conception and for the simple decoration of its yet bare sanctuary.

And without waiting, because it had to move, it has begun in these war times an important building, the boiler-house and laundry of its future permanent school structure—which, with rooms and a dormitory above, should accommodate all of our young Maryknoll apostolic aspirants for the next two years.

It is also planning to punch a hole in the old dining-room,—and all this without a cent in hand, or a hand in any pocket except Father's, and Father has many needs at the old homestead, and there you are!

### AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

The Teresians, a band of devoted women who almost from the beginning of Maryknoll have given their complete service to this work for souls, are reaching a new stage of development. Their numbers have so increased that their house accommodations are even now inadequate—and their usefulness has so impressed itself upon all who come in contact with their life that they have been encouraged to start their first branch.

The locality chosen for the venture is near Scranton and within a convenient distance of Maryknoll's Apostolic School, the Vénard.

A small house has been secured with about thirty-two acres of land, a barn, hen coops, a well, and a wood-shed, not to speak of a young orchard, some currant

bushes, sun-flowers, and various other kinds of chicken feed.

The place was bought for less than five thousand dollars, which the Maryknoll treasurer, as usual had to furnish, so that the property stands actually in the name of the Vénard Apostolic School Corporation, but if some friend of the Teresians wishes to give to them the right to have and hold this particular estate the Maryknoll treasurer would be tempted to gracefully yield, although he is certain that he closed a *bon marché* for his Society.

Everybody appears to be pleased with this first venture of the Maryknoll Teresians into another field. His Eminence, the kindly Cardinal Farley, in whose great archdiocese their organization was born, wrote in answer to the request for his approval:

I think your plan is excellent in regard to the Teresians. Since the Bishop of Scranton approves, I have no objection. Their work will develop like that of the Society and I believe it will be a blessing for you to have a Community at Clark's Green.

The Bishop of Scranton had already written these gracious words:

I need not say that I should be delighted to have the Teresians established at Clark's Green. I think that they would help to sanctify that outpost of formal Protestantism. I am sure, moreover, that they would be a blessing for the diocese of Scranton. Every band of consecrated women is a jewel of many facets set in the spiritual mitre of the head of the diocese. Welcome!

Faithfully yours in Christ,  
M. J. HOBAN.

Bishop Hoban, who on several occasions at Maryknoll and in his own episcopal city had met the Teresians, gave them a welcome that made them think for a couple of minutes that they were big enough to conquer the world.

The first public announcement was made at the *Shower*, or rather "between the showers," at Clark's Green, when Bp. Hoban told the news to an audience of

two hundred and fifty people, all of whom received it with joy—looking upon the advent of such a body of women as a blessing to the valley and to the diocese.

Four Teresians have been chosen for this first American branch and before these lines are read by our interested friends the little group will probably be seated in their cottage home at Clark's Green, on second hand chairs and far happier than the Empress of Russia on or off her throne. People who work for God often get the best of it, after a while, even in this life. Is it not so? The first sacrifice is usually a hard one but it always proves worth while. Say a prayer for the new foundation, which may yet prove to be a very important element in the foreign mission propaganda now in movement over the United States. Later we will enumerate and describe the activities of these Maryknoll Teresians at Scranton.

The summer started tramps to and from the Knoll. The man who left made for Maine; those who arrived came from Scranton. The diaries are most interesting, but we confine ourselves to extracts:

Do not for the present go to the expense of buying chalices for Maryknoll.

Several priest-friends have given us their extra ones for our new Mission and we have received others from the estates of deceased priests.

#### MARYKNOLL TO MAINE.

July 1.

Before the morning sun had saved much daylight a nimble student with pack on back turned to the East. Here are the brieflets on his experience:

1.30 P. M.

At Somers. Soaked to the skin. Farmer out haying laughed at me. Tried to keep dry on moss bank from which we wrote you last year.

2.40 P. M.

Mr. Hart (better *Heart*—he has a big one and a big auto) picked me up out of a mud puddle and we are on the way to Brewster, stopping at every country store to drum up the grocery trade. It is raining great guns, but I am drying off under the awnings. *Deus providebit*—He always does.

7 P. M.

Fixed up fine with Fr. Phelan at Brewster, but will now make Danbury or further tonight. All dry inside and out. The sun is shining. If not too late to reach Fr. Browne tell him there is a big auction sale of 24 cows here.

July 2, 11.30 A. M.

Rode out of Danbury on a wagon with a couple of road-repairers and a shovel and pickaxe pullman, and five minutes after being dropped at the scene of operations was picked up by a 4-ton dairy truck run by a man who has been around the world 9 times,



A THIRD OF THE TERESIAN FLOCK AT WORK ON THE FIELD AFAR.

I N V E S T

I N

T H R I F T

S T A M P S .



visited Yeong-kong, served under Theodore Roosevelt in Cuba, stole pigs, punched cows, owns 17,000 acres of land in Mexico (worth now about 30 cents), and hates all educated people.

3 P. M.

Southbury. Nothing but walking down this pike since noon. No blisters. Met a New Hampshire Yankee about 70 years old hiking it to New York for a lark. He used to teach school in Maine. Was carrying 30 pounds of baggage and refusing all rides.

July 3.

Sandy Locks. Made a big jump by a succession of auto rides offered me yesterday. Met another New Hampshire Yankee 70 years old hiking it to New York with 30 pounds camping outfit and refusing all rides. These Yankees are great stuff!

July 4.

Springfield, Mass. Here after all night grind. Have telephoned dentist to meet me at 11 o'clock—a tooth is celebrating the Fourth.

Southbridge. Lost the way a bit. Met nobody walking on the country roads these last two days except a negro and the Yankees. Every one is talking war and tramps are not wanted and are having a hard time of it. Only holiday parties were out today and wouldn't ask me to get in.

July 8.

On the road to Lynn. 3 glasses of milk and 2 pieces of marble cake already. Mr. C— took us from Brookline to Revere. It is raining on us now, but not badly. A pair of new shoes on but not hurting yet.

3 P. M.

Superintendent of a General Hospital hereabouts packed us off with enough provisions to last 48 hours. Also met several other friends.

July 10, 10 P. M.

Sanford, Me. Slept as guest of Bro. H—'s brother in Portsmouth. Called on Fr. R— at Kittery. Walked to Eliot. Got a gasoline-hand-car ride on M. C. R. R. with section overseer to S. Berwick. Walked to Sanford, with auto ride for last 10 miles in car of Sanford merchant whose wife kept her eye on valuables within our reach.

THE glad tidings that four Maryknoll priests will sail shortly for the Far East to open the first American foreign mission has brought exclamations of joy and words of congratulations from earnest Catholics across the country:

I suppose you will soon complete your plans to send that first band of missionaries to China, and as a large amount of money will be necessary to accomplish that worthy object I hasten to send you my mite (\$50).

Permit me to congratulate you on the success of your mission in the East. We hear that four of your Fathers are about to open a mission in China. You know it is one of our special duties to pray for the success of such work and I assure you we are deeply interested. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be glorified.

I read in THE FIELD AFAR of the need you will soon have for outfits and passage money for the priests who are going from Maryknoll to China. I am enclosing a check for \$500, in the name of my baby, \_\_\_\_\_, for one of those outfits. I visited Hongkong and Canton just before my little girl was born and am trying to interest her from the very beginning in the Chinese missions.

God bless the progress of your work! It is surely wonderful that after so short a time, you are ready to send men to THE FIELD AFAR. Abbe Magnien was in the habit of telling us that only when we begin to send men out of the country to evangelize can we lay claim of being really Catholic.

I was delighted to send you the increased amount from our Mission Fund, and only hope that it will be ever that much and more as the years pass by.

While we recognize the need of money even in these endeavors, we see clearly the indispensable need of prayer. Right along we have been asking God's blessing on your work but this morning the happy thought came to me to follow the example of the "Little Flower" in taking some priest as the special and particular object of one's acts of self-immolation and uniting with this priest in prayer and sacrifice for the eternal salvation of the countless souls to whom he may bring the light of God's holy Faith.

Since I have the privilege of forming souls in the spiritual life I thought it would be most pleasing to our Divine Lord if four of our novices would in this way offer their works for your four missionaries.

## The Haul.



Others have to fight for it.

## FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$13.50	1
Arkansas		1
California	11.00	13
Colorado	3.00	1
Connecticut	46.10	12
District of Columbia	18.00	2
Georgia		1
Idaho	6.50	
Illinois	47.84	17
Indiana	8.00	4
Iowa		4
Kansas	16.00	2
Kentucky		1
Maine	1.00	5
Maryland	213.10	1
Massachusetts	*5,717.68	62
Michigan	7.50	16
Minnesota	15.14	3
Missouri	†426.00	7
Montana		1
Nebraska	20.00	
New Hampshire		1
New Jersey	71.67	27
New Mexico		1
New York	4,807.81	584
North Dakota		1
Ohio	714.35	13
Oklahoma		2
Oregon	1.00	2
Pennsylvania	593.89	2,107
Rhode Island	167.70	6
South Carolina	9.00	
South Dakota	3.00	
Texas	1.00	2
Utah	2.00	
Vermont	3.00	25
Virginia	5.00	3
West Virginia	2.00	2
Wisconsin	21.00	6
Wyoming		1

## FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS:

Canada	2.00	4
Australia		1
England		1
New Brunswick	10.00	
Newfoundland	100.00	2
Panama		1
Porto Rico	5.00	

Total of Subscribers 2,961

\* \$5,000 annuity.

† \$400 annuity.

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books; altar linens; breviaries; scapulars; old vestments; clothing; umbrella; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from Conn., N. Y., Pa., N. D., Mass., N. J., D. C., Ky., Ill., Mich., Ia., Mo., R. I., Nova Scotia.

WAR

STAMPS

OR

THRIFT

STAMPS

## RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Strawberries, ice cream and cake for the Shower; books; clothing; records; household linen; serving stands; watch; vestments.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

## NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

**Living:** E. S. T.; W. G. T.; R. W.; Rev. Friend; J. M. C.; P. J. F.; H. P.; A. L. G.; E. H.; M. P.; F. J. McD.; K. S. M.; J. W.

**Deceased:** Mrs. Annie G. O'Connor; the Sainz relatives; James Carroll; Robert Eagle; Louis J. Dwyer; Charles Kavanagh; Timothy Healy; John W. Fraser; Mrs. Mary Fraser; Patrick McAdams; Mrs. J. Kavanagh; Mrs. T. Powers; Mrs. Katherine Richmann.

Send a return stamped envelope with your request for the Maryknoll booklet on "Mission Training."

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to Aug. 1, 1918, 2,758,104 "  
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,691,896 "

## VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to Aug. 1, 1918, 1,173,236 "  
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,826,764 "

If you wish not to be bothered with annual payments, send, within the space of two years, fifty dollars and you will receive the Field Afar during your life.

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A Burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

## MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

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Father B. Burse.....	*6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse...	5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	5,000
St. Teresa Burse.....	†5,006
C. W. B. L. Burse.....	5,200

## MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete).

Abp. John J. Williams Burse.....	*\$5,279.21
St. Joseph Burse.....	3,298.07
All Souls Burse.....	3,271.84
Cheverus Centennial School Burse.....	3,199.12
Holy Ghost Burse.....	2,326.19
St. Columba Burse.....	2,192.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	†2,034.89
Our Sunday Visitor Burse...	2,000.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,896.20

Curé of Ars Burse.....	\$1,821.81
Pius X. Burse.....	1,577.00
Bl. Julia Billiart Burse.....	1,363.64
St. Anthony Burse.....	1,271.60
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St. Boniface Burse.....	153.40
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Trinity Weekend Burse.....	100.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

## THE VÉNARD BURSES (Incomplete).

Little Flower Burse.....	\$2,652.49
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse..	1,422.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	879.50
C. Burse.....	710.00
Sacred Heart Burse.....	261.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	110.00

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 1.....	\$4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 2.....	4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 3.....	4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 4.....	500
Ycong-kong Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 1.....	2,200
Our Daily Bread Fund.....	710.05
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund.....	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	1,660.30

IN your charity remember the souls of:

Very Rev. G. M. Searle, C.S.P.	Sr. M. Dorinda Joseph Goodman
Rev. Ed. J. Strauss	Mrs. M. Hickey
Rev. Stephen Dev-er, D.D.	Mrs. Conway Frank Duffy
Rev. Austin Cun-nion	Mrs. J. Brennan Mrs. M. Early
Mrs. S. A. Grubel	P. F. Lilly

\* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.



## Circle Paragraphs.

(Address all communications to the Circle Director, Maryknoll.)

THE Saint Columba Circle of Philadelphia has spotted on its horizon the Maryknoll St. Columba Burse and for the present it will concentrate effort on that particular fund. This Circle has also offered to "do a bit" for Maryknoll in the sewing line.

The Circle idea is spreading in Pawtucket, R. I. We have already noted in these columns the activities of the enterprising Circle in St. Joseph's Parish, and now we receive word that a new Circle, inspired by the former, is being organized in a neighboring parish. The organizer reports an enrollment of forty-nine the first evening, and orders fifty Maryknoll pins for distribution at the next meeting.

Some ways to help are suggested in the report of an active Circler—not far from Maryknoll—who is out to secure fifty Associate Members for the C. F. M. S. and who is placing Maryknoll Mite Boxes among her friends and Maryknoll Prayer Prints, with their pictures and prayers embodying the mission spirit, in the hands of all the children in the parish school.

## A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN

Will be opened in September by Benedictine Sisters at Richmond, Va.

The department of Psychology at the Catholic University of America will actively cooperate in directing the treatment of the children.

For further particulars write to the Mother Superior, St. Gertrude's Convent, Richmond, Va.

A R E W E L C O M E A T M A R Y K N O L L .



## The Maryknoll Junior.



HEADED FOR MARYKNOLL.

THE Editor of this paper is pleased to introduce to its younger readers the Reverend *Father Chin*,—who has kindly consented to read all letters, compositions, suggestions, questions, and complaints addressed to or meant for the MARYKNOLL JUNIOR department.

*Father Chin* has spent a portion of his life in China. Perhaps if he had stayed there longer he would be called *Father China*. But after all *Father Chin* is a better name, because it is short and catchy, and besides it sounds more friendly.

*Father Chin* is not so much of a talker as his name indicates, but he can write English better than Chinese and we have good reason to believe that he will prove a popular correspondent. We leave to him, my dear Juniors, the pleasant task of opening your letters from now on, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of reading them also.

Very sincerely yours,  
The Editor.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred.

## IN THE JUNIOR LETTER-TRAY.

Rev. and dear Father,

Please send me a few land slips and two or three St. Patrick burse cards. I am a little girl ten years old in the fifth grade. I want to do something for the foreign missionaries.

Yours respectfully,

MARY H.

I wish I had more to send, but as I am only thirteen years old the best I can do is to save the money I would spend on carfares and sodas and send it to you. Enclosed find one dollar. Please send me Theophane Vénard in French and one hundred Prayer Prints. (N. Y. C.)

I am enclosing a money order for \$1 for St. Joseph's Burse.

Will you please send me an Apostles' Aid card? I read about them on your calendar and since I am only a High School girl and despair of ever having an extra cent I think I shall get busy and do my bit by praying.

Please send a Mite Box to the above address. We are only two little girls. We would like to have our Mite Box as soon as possible. The Sisters told us about the poor little Chinese children, so we would like to help them. This afternoon we both had a store and we made thirteen cents and we would like a Mite Box to put it in.

Dear Father,

Enclosed is a W. S. S. which we wish to have used for the first priest ordained at Maryknoll when he is preparing for the Chinese mission.

In our class room we have a Mission Corner, where we keep mission pictures and papers and letters from China and the Philippines.

We love to work for the foreign missions and hope some of us may be called to do still more for the poor pagans.

Asking a remembrance in your prayers, we are

Your little helpers,

ST. RAPHAEL'S MISSION CLUB.

Are you a *Maryknoll Router*?

The idea is a simple one, and will enable you to be a foreign missionary even while you are young and at home.

Establish a route—and sell THE FIELD AFAR to your friends and neighbors. Write about this.

There is one boy, named Francis Xavier, who hails from Massachusetts and has one hundred persons on his route.

Some girls in New Jersey who love their country as true Catholics should have found this way of helping the Nation and Maryknoll's work for souls at the same time:

Rev. dear Father:

The girls in one of our classes had just begun to save in their Mite Boxes the price of their subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR, when the Nation called on them to purchase Thrift Stamps. They would like to know if you would accept War Savings Stamps in payment for subscriptions. This would enable them to serve God and country.

*Pocatello, Idaho*—can you find it on your map? *Fr. Chin* received a dozen letters from St. Joseph's School there before the summer vacation began, and here are a few choice sentences which he wrote down for Maryknoll Juniors. They all concern the opening of a box, which seems to be of a stronger make than those that go out from Maryknoll to gather mites.

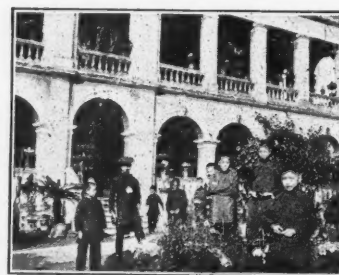
We have some money for you. How much is it?

We saved it in a little tin can.

Sister had to open it with a can-opener. Then she showed us the money.

She counted it out loud to us. There was \$7.15. We were surprised.

And that money is from the First and Second Grades.



AT CANTON IN CHINA.  
(Where Andrew Chung is studying to be a Maryknoll priest.)

Land for the Vénard School is selling at the rate of two feet for one cent—dirt cheap. You buy the land and the school keeps it for you. Send a dollar and experience the thrill of ownership that is worth while.







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